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Bard

Names are drugs
uncontrollable market

we die of agora
mouth full of nothing

I adore this absent god

15 May 2001

MITOSIS

What shall the bourn be or the barrier
between the thee-happenstance and the me-mistake
so that one of the twin of us ought to look
out for our fat feet and stumble over the frontier

those sloppy borderguards with their cretinous mustaches
their oilcreased chin geologies o I'm sorry that's me
that's a mirror no I'm sorry that's my face I see
deep in the apple of your eye when we are close

you fucked a mirror and gave birth to me
if me I am I mean if all this heap to use the technical
word sorites to translate a no-account nihilogism
a skandha in sunlight and the wind blowing

cool as somebody else's radio always tuned to
in the know should happen to have accumulated
like a sentence in a legal document to actual beans
from which we could be born and born again

why am I always at the front of the line and always
out of fashion what a weird predictable comeuppance
for a kid like whee the slips and slides of infancy

soon become the public tragedy reviewed in depth

by hotshot daytime journalists thin as Tolstoi
sweet as Gorki and the brilliant herringfishermen
are back from their midnight escapades among
exuvius Slovak supermodels at Saint Tropisme

sullen as a buttock in the sun her lustered eye
daunts glum admirers this means we need new tires
to penetrate the highways of that long night
if ever we would mount the sacred rainbow necktie

fluttering god's own blue helter-skelter cosmogram
scaring learned penguins as they scatter with dignity
over the appalling university of ice that's all
the world finally has to offer as opposed to its opposite

whatever that might be water that's all it gives us
and from this little spurt of moist we write a sprout
that springs a world out of the most unconsidered
spherical geometry of the kitsch we live among

and that world in turn lotuses out like Christmas
with its tongue on fire and says you for instance
until I can't bear the solitude of not saying it too
and I turn out to have been the Holy Spirit all along

and isn't that amazing whether you think so or not
that this bland blend of not much in particular
should be enough to be particular just because
there is meat on the bones and a voice in the cellar.

15 May 2001

A quorum. A band of covenanters
howling at God they call it praying

prayer is the line inside

from here to where

prayer is the answer to an absent question

but where is here
and are we here
where we think here is
so that you
are elsewhere and there
wherever you are
is where a prayer
has to find its way
helped only by the shouting
the song the hymnody the yelping

of men among men like wolves
bleating to the dead moon

whereas prayer is silk on a summer day
and enough is too much

your body does my praying for me
a direct line between me and God

a track lost in the desert
a well filled up with sand, a stone
in the shape of a heart still beating

you can hear it from half a mile away.

15 May 2001

LE GAI SÇAVOIR

Rabbi, I think I know
too much about all this
to have anything worth saying.

Knowledge is the silence of desire

But there is a kind of joyous knowing
that wants some more.

15 May 2001

How can knowledge turn into knowing? A red box. It is filled with something. It fills the poly-film shrink-wrapped around it. It weighs about two hundred grams. It is red. I could tell you more about the color — that it is more like a persimmon than like the Polish flag, for instance — but you'd have to ask me first. Because I am always (only) the color of doing what you say.

15 May 2001

rather than resist
a bone falls into his hand
the sky
was made that way
a constant yielding
to what with no
more intention
opened its hands to have

16 May 2001

Suppose water did not flow
and mud did not harden
and you could touch no body

a picture world to live in
hell of images

Exodus no graven god
Given

Abstain from showing
So that we can know.

16 May 2001

I found a phoenix
Feather today
Glimmering tawny
With brown ocelli
In the vane of it
One big and many
Small, the stub
Had parted from the wing
When the bird
Rose out of its renewal
And went home
Leaving me alone
With my body
Some wind on a hill.

16 May 2001

a sea on Mars
remember water
a Jew in Babel
breath on his fingers

hurt music born

coal brazier
girls shuttling through dark
cellar talk
harp waking Galilee
it was the me fact
it was the nail

16 May 2001

Zion is last night
dream my harp
hung on the moon
a car paseos
to make the sound
of something sung
if I forget
work of the hand
all ever had any
of us last night's dream

16 May 2001

To say less

the gauds of silence
glister round your neck

I kiss you there
and let it speak

17 May 2001

Can't writhe or work anew abominate
scrimshaw slippers dyed with sandarac
till the lean lines look like blood dried
inside the somber bone of the bone

to breathe is like some wrestling down
implant diode listen while it can
to the lust soon lost *velle non discitur*
is the smartest city you got to want to want

rappers on a goal-less road in waning moon
triste lune-less crew of lewd consumers
hungering for analog — the violence spills
where time once had kept their laps

17 May 2001

not sure that anything there
shadow of man on door shadow of door
on window a face looking
back at itself a brow

I caught a phoenix feather from a gust of lawn
had ocelli on it those little eye-like marks
ocelli little eyes the biggest one looked at me

with a blue voice it said what I am supposed to think

This is analysis
man disguised as a door disguised as a face
behind me looking away

17 May 2001

Tea is in my opinion a *phantasticum*, coffee an *energeticum* — tea therefore possesses a disproportionately higher artistic rank. I notice that coffee disrupts the delicate lattice of light and shadows, the fruitful doubts that emerge during the writing of a sentence. One exceeds his inhibitions. With tea, on the other hand, the thoughts climb genuinely upward.

— Ernst Jünger, 1948

I think
therefore I do
more than I can

and more than I know
exceeding
the sense they gave me
when they told me Here
be born and do
as little as you can

don't you use up
the precious store
of not-knowing
we gave you
in the birth canal

when you were the little
eel in search of hell

the place of milk however
to grow until you know

no knowing
they said

and this black drink
acids their dumb door.

18 May 2001

because a key unlocks
only the air
and the door just stands there
listening intelligently
till the body understands

18 May 2001
Tivoli

Trying for the purity
of an owl open
eyes asleep at noon
amber in a crowded tree
no one passing.

18 May 2001

Exaggerations of the moon
I dream of you
saintly slutty
transiting each to each
unmistakable desire
we are a hard
word in your mouth.

19 May 2001

Suppose it is what it's supposed to be a beak
battering the stump of an old linden tree
whose the woodpecker's Picus the pileated
one that is so big and shrieks with laughter
in one afternoon took the whole tree apart

the torments of vocabulary know no end
each word stripteasing an immense desire
to know itself renewed in this and this
lordly destination of language all that
happens to the mind when you say green

then you say eyes I don't know I'm not sure
the birds know the way there and I do not.

14 May 2016

summer in the air, a somewhere
drifting its way here
a cloud with a pencil in its hand
doodling this along the ground
head almost reads almost forgets

19 May 2001

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

What have I learned?
Ambrosia feeds the gods
But there are no gods.
Venus is the goddess of love
But love is very hard

Very hard. Truth
Is what makes people
Happy. And that is true.

19 May 2001